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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIII. CHICAGO, APRIL 28, 1904. NUMBER 9

ST. LOUIS IN APRIL.

"All over the Exposition grounds were most tempting suggestions of beauty to come; headless horses, human torsos awaiting the arms and legs that are in the shop, wings ready for bodies not yet arrived, and groups ready to be grouped." —UNITY for April 21, 1904.

Headless horses, human torsos
Waitng arms and legs to be,
Wings detached, and groups dissevered,—
Chaos, welter, anarchy!
Yet each shard a shred of beauty;
Every curve a sweep of grace;
Wings,—they hint the coming angel;
Arms,—they prophesy a face.

In a way and in a moment
All predestined they shall meet,
Mated, wedded, in the glory
Of the Master's will complete;
Every limb achieve its gesture,
Every torso find its soul,
Every cluster acts its drama,
In the meaning of the Whole.

What that meaning knows the Master:
To reveal the Son of Man,
Toiler of the million fingers
Shaping Nature to his plan;
Man the Gardener, Man the Thinker,
Man the Singer of the Song,
Man the Teacher, Man the Brother,
Man the Righter of the Wrong.

As I look, the vision widens;
Vanishes the City fair;
Round lie History's vast horizons
Strewn with symbols of despair,—
Here the limb, and there the torso,
Twinless wings and hands and feet:
Ruin, is it? Nay, the Master's
Glory of Man Incomplete!

W. C. G.

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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME LIII. THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1904. NUMBER 9

It is to be regretted that a man of Thomas Nelson Page's standing in literature and in public estimation should place so much reliance upon and give so much room to arguments set forth in that unsavory, unreliable book on "The American Negro," by William Hannibal Thomas, in his article on "The Negro" in *McClure's* for May. The book in question bears upon its face unreliability if not unscrupulousness, and we believe that this is a very generally accepted conclusion among those competent to judge. That such a book coming from such a source should bear the imprint of a respectable house is regrettable; that the matter therein contained should be seriously accepted by so respectable a writer as Mr. Page is a source of still further regret.

The April number of the *New England Magazine* is made a notable one by the publication of the article by the venerable Joshua Young, recently deceased, on the funeral of John Brown, with appropriate illustrations. Dr. Young was at the time pastor of the Unitarian church at Burlington, Vt., and, with a parishioner, he hastened to North Elba. He says: "Going to the burial of John Brown I left Burlington a respected and beloved pastor. I returned to find myself in disgrace, an exile in the place of my residence, little better than a social outcast." And still he lived to see the time when the name of John Brown was spoken with unusual respect, his spirit admired and honored, however his act was deplored, and the little group of men who dared stand by the open grave unwittingly won for themselves an earthly immortality. This article of Dr. Young's is one to be read and carefully preserved.

Already the preparations for graduation and commencement exercises are afoot, and the intensity of life is settling down upon the seniors in all schools. Maybe an early petition to the "sweet girl" and "brave boy" graduates to reduce the strain to the minimum may not be wholly in vain. Dear youths, be not over-anxious over what ye shall wear or what ye shall eat, nor yet how ye shall be amused in the bittersweet days that ought to be touched with thoughtfulness, gratitude for the past and prayerful solicitation for the future. Alas for the commencement week that becomes a giddy round of "Social Functions," under whatever name or direction. Let the utterances of the occasion enforce the simple life, and if money wastefulness is sinful anywhere, it is here. Let these considerations have full weight during the graduation week, that life may be consecrated rather than dissipated by the beautiful occasion.

A correspondent objects to the dignifying and disguising of "Tom" Johnson, by dubbing him Thomas, "because he is just plain Tom, whom his friends sincerely love." This half-playful rebuke suggests the serious question,—if the famous Mayor of Cleveland received as his christening name "Thomas," is there not an element of flippancy or something worse, shall we say rowdyism, in persistently carrying a boy name or at least a pet name beyond the realm of boyhood and personal familiarty? Perhaps the world has been retarded in its approach to an adequate appreciation of the martyred President because of the persistent familiarity of the "Abe" which took the place of "Abraham." Perhaps it is well that children should be taught to say "Pa," "papa" or "daddy," but there comes a time when filial love prefers to say "father" and "mother." Is there a spiritual question involved? Shall we persist in saying "Tom" Paine, "Bob" Ingersoll, "Abe" Lincoln, "Teddy" Roosevelt, "Tom" Johnson; or shall we teach the children to dignify all men with the names with which the mothers and fathers, through pain, anxiety and prayer, endowed them?

A street rumor that may be foundless; sleepless anxieties on the part of small depositors—women and children who have laboriously saved their mite; a run on a little bank, successfully met; the rumor proved a false one. And still, it might have been true; it often is true, and there is no present way of safeguarding the most dependent class, financially, from the calamities of broken banks, incident to the misjudgment and oftentimes the lax morality of bank officials. Must it ever be so? Will the "government for the people, by the people, and of the people" never provide the postal savings bank law that will guarantee the washerwoman's earnings by all the wealth of the United States and make a certificate of deposit as solid and as sure as a bank note or a gold coin? Why not a reform on these lines? There never has been an argument urged against it except the selfish argument of the banking fraternity, and still the two great parties now forming their platforms will never think or else never dare to put a postal savings bank plank into either platform. Why not? No other one law that we can think of would bring such a sense of security and encouragement into the lives of the struggling and aspiring men and women of the United States as this law. Give us a postal savings bank law!

It was a beautiful occasion at the Myra Bradwell School at Windsor Park, Chicago, last Friday, when a beautiful bronze memorial tablet was dedicated in

the auditorium to the memory of Miss Irene Fort and Miss Carrie H. Sayre, teachers who lost their lives in the Iroquois calamity last Christmas time. Miss Fort had been principal of the school from its inception, and she brought to her work not only ripe academic preparation, such as came through a thorough normal training, reinforced by a college course at Cornell and practical experience as a teacher in Indiana and in the grammar grades in Chicago, but a spiritual poise and a womanly tenderness which made her the unifying element in the community. Fitting and true are the words embossed in lasting bronze:

"In loving memory of Irene Fort,
That her work among us may not be forgotten.
She was a light-bearer to our children,
And was faithful to the things that are eternal."

The parents in this suburban community were out in great numbers. The presentation address was made by Mrs. R. B. Peattie. The children sang tenderly and devoutly, and the address was delivered by Miss Fort's pastor, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of All Souls Church. Miss Fort's life was a beautiful exemplification of the power of the spirit, and a demonstration that true education cannot be imparted by rule, rote, or anything else that can be bought with money. It is true of little children as of men,—that they cannot live by bread alone.

It was a ghastly thing that medical science was called upon to do in Chicago last week—exercise its highest skill in calling back a human being from death's door in order that a few hours later he might be swung through the same door at the end of a rope. The famous trio of outlaws came to their hanging day; it is gone. It is doubtful whether the grewsome incident will have the deterring effect that jurists and moralists hoped for it. The spirit of defiance to law, of which those poor, foolish, misguided boys were victims, is rampant away inside the lines of decency. It is just now aggressive in college circles. The students in the secondary school of the Chicago University are, if the newspapers are to be credited, planning defiance to the wishes of their parents referred to in a recent note in this paper, and the order of Dean Owens concerning secret societies. Sweet, though pert, boys and girls are plotting and planning how to evade and defy the wishes of their parents and teachers in regard to their fraternities and sororities. They talk of strategic flank movements in the way of "pledging" the boys and girls of the grammar grades before they come within possible prohibitory rulings. The college fraternities of the Chicago University are reported as threatening rebellion against the edicts of the "board of control" of college fraternities. It is not more hangings that are needed, but a quieter, serener, more law-respecting and order-forming life of the young in the home and in the school.

Pending a more adequate review from our Foreign Editor, we are glad to note the receipt of a tempting volume which contains the papers and proceedings of the "Second Congress of the International Council of Unitarian and other Liberal Religious Thinkers and Workers," held in Amsterdam, Holland, during the early days of September last. This Council was attended by nearly a thousand delegates and many officers, representing sixteen countries and twenty-one different church connections. The table of contents shows the high representative character of the meeting, and doubtless the papers have permanent value. This is the Council that was organized in Boston in 1900. The next biennial session will probably be held in Geneva, Switzerland, and it is hoped that in 1907 the fourth session will be held in Boston. If we mistake not the signs of the times, this Council will surely encounter the perplexities of growth which the "American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies" did. The logic of the situation required the last mentioned organization to discard one after another the words "American," "liberal," and "societies," and it now stands as the "Congress of Religion." So will the openness and power of this International Council eat up its own limiting words, for many of the best thinkers and workers in the religious world today who belong to such a Council will come in not under the words "Unitarian" or "Liberal," but under the only qualifying adjective that is printed without a capital in the title—"other." Among thinkers and workers the words "Unitarian" and "liberal," great and suggestive as they are, are inadequate measures of their religious fellowships and sympathies, not on account of what they might be made to stand for, but on account of what they stood for in the past and the limitations that still beset them as terms of literature and history.

Church of the Future.

It is astonishing how frequently we are nowadays coming upon this term Church of the Future, or Religion of the Future. If pastors, we find ourselves involuntarily discussing it. One of the St. Louis pastors, in a recent sermon, tells us that there is no longer any reason why all orthodox protestants should not unite in one church. But it is going to be a puzzle to determine what orthodoxy is. We imagine that his plan of union, when it gets into action, will admit all the sects of Christendom. There is "no earthly sense," he tells us, "in keeping the children of one father in separate organizations," wasting resources, overlapping activities, and paralyzing enthusiasm. "Time-honored opinions, hoary with the antiquity of centuries, have been cast aside, and old interpretations of truth, venerable with age, have been superseded. Our conceptions of God, of man, and of their relations to each other, have undergone a change." The Reverend Doctor quoted Carlyle's definition of the orthodox God as "an absentee, sitting idle at the outside of his universe since he created it, and seeing it go." Of the scriptures he said: "They will be interpreted in a more rational way. All truth will be recognized as God's and those writings as most inspired which held most to lift man out of animalism and ignorance, into a likeness of the manhood of Jesus." After speaking of

the desired unity of the sects, this reverend preacher suggested a closer union of the educational and spiritual interests of the people. To him it seemed probable, as it has to many others of late, that the church should be the intellectual center of the township. "The church is also, he added, to interpenetrate business life, with the principles of the Sermon on the Mount; and however far off it may appear, yet the time is surely coming when peace shall come to men of good will; and we shall try to love our neighbors as ourselves." This sort of talk from the orthodox pulpit is full of hope—although it sounds very much like Theodore Parker. Another preacher of more liberal tendencies tells us that Christianity will be the religion of the future, in so far as it has the most of human nature in it. It will be Protestant in so far as Protestantism is an escape from the supernatural. It will be Christian and Protestant not one whit further. He says: "I make no attempt to formulate the creed of the future. I only know that we are coming to an age when no church can burn or hang us for learning; and to an age when no man will care a fig whether the priest damns him or not—provided he is sincere and honest. Yet I venture to suggest that in this religion of the future, we shall have a growing disregard for rewards and punishments. The schedule of salvation will be no longer discussed, while we strive to live nobly and deserve well. The human soul will be the plain where God and man walk together. The language there spoken will be the language of conscience—a language which both God and men speak." Dr. Slicer, in his admirable book, "One World at a Time," tells us that our modern religious evolution has specially built up courage. "We have dismissed the fear of the destiny of man." Every man's life is a part of God's life—if he wills to have it so. We have not only, as he thinks, vastly increased our confidence in God, but we have learned to insist on the dignity of human nature. "When Dr. Channing, in 1819, in Baltimore, set the dignity of human nature over against the total depravity of man, it was as notable as the Declaration of Independence; it was the statement that God had not made anything of which he need be ashamed." He tells us that the Unitarian church has established a third great truth in modern conviction, that is Inspiration from God. To this he adds that it is impossible to think of a church in these days apart from character and practical achievement. "We build up character in the terms of the Fatherhood of God, the dignity of human nature, and the unmediated approach of the soul to God." All this seems to us well stated, and to constitute a very fair definition of the foundations of the church of the future. In it we find involved a new conception of God, as the Life of the Universe, of whom and in whom we are; a new definition of man, as the child of God, in the largest and freest sense of the word; and a new definition of the aim and end of religion, which is character and not salvation.

E. P. Powell.

Editorial Wanderings.

From the Standpoint of the Schools.

Not the politician nor yet the preacher is the true interpreter of social conditions in an American community today, but the schoolmaster and the professor. Not the church nor yet the legislative hall, but the college, is the most central factor in the progressive life of the modern community. The professor feels the handicap of the preacher who reluctantly accepts his conclusions, and the schoolmaster's most onerous task is to preserve and restore the ideals which the politician so belies and oftentimes openly flouts and opposes.

The privilege of taking a peep at the life of South Carolina through its academic life was not only exceedingly interesting, but very instructive and inspiring. Here indeed is the new life of the south made manifest as, we suspect, in no other field. New ideals and new methods are asserting themselves. Slowly but surely the educational motive and directing power are passing out of the realm of private tutors, private academies and proprietary institutions into the hands of the public. The ante-bellum education of the south was overwhelmingly in the hands of either private schools or sectarian institutions. So far as public schools obtained, they were the generous provision of the wealthy for the benefit of the poor, and only those sought the privileges of public schools who could not afford what was deemed to be the more valuable tuition of private schools, and even these were considered second in value to the training under private tutors, which was the most desirable privilege of the most wealthy. The state colleges and universities were similarly subordinated to the denominational schools. To the traveler from the northwest this seems to be still too much the case, for he comes from a section where the public school system forms an uninterrupted highway from the kindergarten to the university, and where the ideal is constantly present and increasingly actualized, viz., that these public schools offer the best opportunities for a wholesome and effective training for all the children, rich and poor. Under this ideal, private schools are the regrettable expediencies for the children who, from defective health, intellectual peculiarities, or perversities or idiosyncrasies of parentage, are unable to profit by the inspiring contact and do not enter into the inspiring contests of this crowning privilege of democracy. The noblest climax in a people's compact is an adequate scheme of public education.

To the present writer the most inspiring evidence of progress in South Carolina was not in its cotton mills, of which we have already written, but in the state institutions of education that it was our privilege to visit, the Winthrop Normal and Industrial College at Rock Hill, which is the state institution for women, and the Clemsen Agricultural and Mechanical College, the state institution for men. It was hard to retain one's indignation over certain aggressive and offensive elements in "Pitchfork" Tillman while studying these two institutions, so ample are their quarters, so modern is their equipment, so sufficient is their support. When one finds his portrait occupying the post of honor in these institutions and learns that they were established under his governorship and that they are still objects of his paternal solicitation and support, "Ben" Tillman disappears and the "Hon. Benjamin R. Tillman" takes his place. The history of either of these institutions forms one of the many romances of the New South.

Clemson College derives its name from Thomas G. Clemson, who bequeathed to the state for this purpose the eight hundred acres of land which once constituted the homestead of his more famous father-in-law,

John C. Calhoun. Accompanying the land was fifty-eight thousand dollars in money. This was as late as 1888. Now the ample and beautiful campus is graced with a dozen or more noble buildings, modern in construction, with adequate provision for textile, mechanical, chemical and agricultural courses. The campus swarms with six hundred boys and the faculty roll contains half a hundred or more names. One hundred thousand dollars a year income is realized by the ingenious tax of twenty-five cents per ton imposed upon all fertilizers used in the state. Thus the farmer becomes the main support of the institution that gives all preference possible to the agricultural student and his collateral interests. Here is an interesting and somewhat grotesque combination,—an institution devoted to the arts of peace, specializing the industrial, mechanical and scientific spirit, organized on a military basis. The boys are all uniformed and are quartered in barracks. Eventually we hope that the muskets and bayonets will be dispensed with and something less martial than cadet gray will uniform the boys; but the discipline of a camp and the simplicity of the barracks ought to remain, for this makes possible the maximum of sanitary precaution with a minimum of expense. The rooms are comfortable and clean, the beds solid and hygienic, but without indulgence, expensive decorations and loafing luxuries. The cost of adequate living for students, including tuition, is brought down to one hundred and forty-two dollars for the year.

Winthrop College is a still more interesting and up-to-date institution; its curriculum is a more heroic combination of the normal school and technical training as applied to the work of women than we have ever found elsewhere. The law instituting such a school was passed in 1891, and instead of beginning *de novo,* the state was wise enough to take a vital seed and plant it in new soil under hopeful conditions. A private enterprise which had already made common cause with the Peabody fund, bearing the name of the Massachusetts Yankee, Theodore Winthrop, was adopted, and now in the picturesque and altogether beautiful mountain town of Rock Hill, with modern buildings, six hundred happy, earnest, healthy girls, drawn from all parts of the state, are congregated, where they study not only the usual curriculum of the books, but domestic science in its various departments of cooking, dress-making and millinery on academic lines laid out by the Pratt Institute of Brooklyn, which furnishes them their models, tables, formulas, etc. Here are also classes in horticulture, floriculture and dairy work, stenography, typewriting and bookkeeping. Here again simplicity and economy reach a degree surprising to one acquainted with northern school habits and figures. This is not a poor girls' school and there is no stinting in diet, heat or dormitory rooms, and still the cost of furnished room, board, heat, light and washing is brought down to ten dollars a month; and the whole expense of a year's schooling, including tuition, medical fees, use of books and apparatus, is represented by one hundred and forty-four dollars. This low price is made possible by the state managing skillfully its own large farm that furnishes milk, butter, vegetables, etc., and the doing of so much of the work by the girls is wholesome and educative. Here, for the first time, so far as the present writer knows, the question of costuming seems to be satisfactorily solved in a girls' school. All the advantages of uniform are realized without the conspicuous markings which go with the "cadet" uniforms of boys and the "cap-and-gown" grotesqueness of northern colleges. Here is a uniform prescribed for both work and dress occasions, and the requirement is rigidly enforced. The catalogue says: "Pupils need not bring other dress than the uniform to the college with the expectation of using them, for under no circumstances will they be permitted to wear them." And the cost of material for this uniform for a year is put down as $25.35. The nature of this uniform is set forth in language too technical for a masculine mind. The beautiful audience room filled with healthy, happy girls, rejoicing in the benignant democracy of a dress that leveled upward, a uniform that was not monotonous, was one worth going from Chicago to South Carolina to witness. Perhaps our feminine readers may understand this technical language taken from the catalogue: "The fatigue or traveling dress shall consist of a seven-gore skirt and an eton jacket, made by Buttrick's Patterns, Nos. 6892 and 6629; the skirt to be finished off plain at the bottom, without flounce. The shirt waist to be worn with this, for every day use, is to be of percale (white ground with small black stripe or figure), made without any trimming and with a plain one-seam shirt sleeve with cuff. For Sunday or entertainment the shirt waist to be worn must be a plain white lawn or pique. During the winter time the students may wear blue serge shirt waists, which must be made by Butterick Pattern No. 6720, but no shirt waist of any other material or with trimming will be allowed."

All this will doubtless sound tyrannical to the independent miss of the north who early in life becomes immersed in the anxieties and perplexities of the wardrobe; but every teacher knows that such a simple regulation would greatly humanize and refine as well as simplify the problems, both of private and of public schools. We hope many of our teaching readers will push the inquiry further; perhaps send for a catalogue which illustrates the pretty costumes and in otherwise offers many suggestions of ways to educate the modern girl economically, wholesomely and practically.

The Old Fashioned College.—In these days of great universities, munificent endowments and costly equipments, it is well to realize that still the great mass of academic work done in America is being done by the humbler and more obscure colleges of the old fashioned kind,—those which in small towns and with inadequate revenues, but with consecrated faculties, stand for the plain college training, "a curriculum without frills," as Dr. Pearson likes to put it. These are centers of ever-widening local influence. They draw the young men from the adjoining counties, pervade the towns in which they are located with academic refinement, and shape the ideals of the community which they serve.

Wofford College at Spartanburg and Firman University at Greeneville, S. C., are fine types of such colleges. The first is Methodist and the second Baptist in their relations, but they are increasingly educational centers, independent of denominational lines. Their history reaches back to ante-bellum days and their alumni are represented on the faculties of the great universities of the country, in congressional halls, and in the professional and industrial interests of the nation. It is refreshing to find professors who are satisfied with small salaries and obscure opportunities for usefulness; students who are too busy for athletics and who find it no disgrace or inconvenience to exercise pinching economy in the interest of a classical training. It was a shock, but a pleasant one, to find a college president hurrying to catch a train to meet an engagement, not with a millionaire or other chance of increasing endowment, but to meet a committee on the revision of a hymn book.

Private School for Girls. Presbyterian College for women at Columbia, S. C., is an interesting illustration of the transition now taking place in educational institutions. The college occupies the beautiful grounds of an ancestral estate, associated with the

historic names of Hampton and Preston. Once it was the private enterprise of a doctor of divinity. Then it passed into the hands of a stock company and the management was entrusted to a board of directors elected from year to year by the subscribers. But, to quote from the catalogue, "Many difficulties attended this form of management. As time went on it was found almost impossible to have annual meetings of the subscribers. * * * At a meeting of the stockholders recently held, it was unanimously determined to vest this property in a board of trustees * * * which board should be perpetual and self-perpetuating." In this reorganization the name "Presbyterian" falls off, simply because the fact had outgrown private ownership, local management and denominational control. And this institution with a perpetual endowment of a benignant climate, of a dignified past and an open field for the future ought to attract many girls who are pinched by the inhospitable climate of the north. The simpler conditions of living and the release from the climatic expenses of the north makes the tuition of this school surprisingly cheap to one accustomed to northern prices.

THE EDUCATIONAL EXPERIMENT AT LECLAIRE. We have already spoken of Berea in a previous number. This makes an interesting pedagogical as well as chronological transitional point between the schools of South Carolina and the venture of our friend, N. O. Nelson of Leclaire, Illinois, under whose hospitable roof the editor spent a night, and the related hours were spent in studying this most unique venture on educational and industrial lines. It is scarcely necessary to remind the readers of UNITY that N. O. Nelson is a successful manufacturer, whose plants in St. Louis, Birmingham, Alabama, and Edwardsville, Illinois, are well known in the commercial world. On the border of Edwardsville he has established this ideal industrial community where workmen are encouraged to own their own homes and to live the normal life of a rural community, with gardens, cows, chickens, places of amusement, assembly halls, etc. To this industrial village, which is also the home of Mr. Nelson, he has attached an educational experiment where boys and girls of suitable age are invited to come and pursue one-half the day such studies as will equip them for life, and to pay for these privileges by real work, honestly rendered in the shops the other half of the day. The experiment is in its infancy, but already it has demonstrated not only the sanity of the scheme, but the practicality of it. It has proved that there are boys and girls of fine fiber, who are watching for such an opportunity. As yet there are perhaps not more than thirty non-resident pupils; the teaching force is limited to five or six teachers, most of them leading, from choice, not from necessity, the double life of the students—the life of head and hand. No catalogue of the school has yet been published, but this short roster shows how wide and quick the news has spread. At the social sing and dance which it was my privilege to attend in the early evening, for everything was closed and all were at home by ten o'clock, it was my privilege to shake hands with boys from Pennsylvania and Colorado and young ladies from Arkansas and Missouri, if my memory serves correctly. Mr. Nelson's experiment is a high one. Successful schools can be maintained; successful industrial plants can be maintained; can the two be united, not by artificial but by vital, organic ties? The interesting and unique element in the problem is that the experiment is being tried, not by a theorist (though Brother Nelson abounds in theories), but by a practical man who is willing to risk his money, his business, and, what is more dear to the practical man, his reputation in this high venture. Leclaire was a good place to end the month's wandering of the Senior Editor of UNITY.

J. LL. J.

The Cost of War.

It was the great contention of Mr. Bloch that the economic argument would eventually break down the war spirit. His monumental work on War is a great massing of the facts and marshalling of the figures which go to prove that war is too expensive a luxury for nations to indulge in. But convincing as this argument seems, unanswerable as is the logic, it seems to break down in the face of the grim facts that confront us to-day. Perhaps this very break-down will open the eyes of statesmen and reach the hearts of cabinets, emperors and presidents to the more commanding fact that, after all, the world is governed by something more subtle than figures, and the economics of statecraft is not the dominant power that shapes the destinies of nations.

The old text is true of nations as of individuals, "Out of the heart are the issues of life." Nations are swayed by their emotions, by their affections, if not by their hatreds and their angers. The humanitarian argument goes further, after all, than the economic argument; nations live for something other than dollars and dimes. When the great Russian warship went down, probably by clumsily falling afoul of the torpedo that was set to protect it, the irreparable loss was not financial, but spiritual. Russia can and doubtless will build another warship as formidable; Russia can and doubtless will restore the broken ranks in the roster of her navy, but the world has lost her Verestchagin, and that loss is irreparable; there was but one Verestchagin.

Some two years and a half ago in the leading cities of the United States he preached the gospel of peace in a most convincing and effective manner. His terribly beautiful canvasses set forth the real horrors of war. He was one of the world's greatest and bravest artists. His father had military ambitions for his boy; he studied in a naval academy, but his heart was in the academy of design across the way, and at seventeen he turned his back on war studies and gave himself to art. At twenty-two he was in Paris studying under Jerome. At twenty-seven he was following the Russian army in Asia with his sketching outfit. A life of tireless diligence and marvelous fertility was given to portraying the realities of war. From Samarcand to San Juan, the horrors of the Napoleonic retreat from Moscow to the hospitals in the Philippine Islands, did his genius range. And now, in search of more and newer arguments against war, as if drawn by some fell destiny, he falls a victim himself to the horrors he went to depict.

May we not hope that in his death he may enforce the argument which he made so impressive in life? After all, the bankers and banking argument is not going to put an end to war, conclusive as it is. The mother's cry, the wife's plea, and the impoverished hearts of the nation will eventually

be heard. Not Bloch and his associates in the realm of science and finance, but Victor Hugo, Tolstoy and Verestchagin, were the greatest peace advocates the nineteenth century affords.

In our issue of January 23, 1902, we published in UNITY an extended editorial estimate of this artist and his pictures, then on exhibition in Chicago. Nine thousand five hundred were reported by the turnstile in the Art Institute as having visited those galleries during one Sunday, the same Sunday the artist himself spoke in the pulpit of All Souls Church. We cannot better express our sorrow and deep regret over the loss of this artist, who was to the writer a friend, a loving companion in the realms of religious thought and feeling, as well as in the fields of civic and international ethics, than by referring our readers to what was then written out of the inspiration received from the pictures and the encouragement that came out of the friendship.

UNITY mourns with the world its unspeakable loss in the death of the great artist. The tragic death gives added pathos to the quaint appeal of the artist in the address above alluded to, which was reported by Miss Mary B. Burroughs and printed in UNITY of that date.

You will excuse my poor English. I will not speak this morning on war directly, but on the social problem intimately connected with war, in which war is but an element, in the setting of which war will be settled.

In the hospital I knew a soldier who had a wound in his leg. That wound healed and the man seemed cured, but soon another wound appeared a little lower, a similar wound on the same leg. This wound was also cured, but a third wound came still lower on the same bone, on the same leg. Then this wound was cured, and the man seemed to recover again, but another wound came still lower on the same bone, on the same leg. Then the doctors and surgeons held a consultation and agreed that no common means of curing would be sufficient. They must have a radical, a capital operation, after which the man recovered.

Now, listen! An emperor is killed. Oh, how bad! How wrong! What confusion it brought, But there were some reasons for this killing. It was removing the head of a monarchy that was sometimes tyrannical and cruel. But then the man was caught and ordered shot. That is right. That is good. He must be prevented from killing another emperor.

Then things seemed to be quiet. Order and confidence were restored. But after a short time a king is killed, a good king, a king who was kind to his subjects, beloved. Well, this man was taken. He was not killed, but he was shut up in a cage, where he was to have no intercourse with his kind for his whole life. That is good. That is right. He must be prevented from killing some other king.

Again all is quiet. Again there is confidence. But, lo, an empress is killed! Now an empress. Oh, that is too bad! A woman, and a very charming woman. She was not responsible for the deeds of her husband. She was not in public life. She was a very good woman. What is the matter? The man is caught again. He also was shut up. He was not allowed to speak to any man, see anybody. He was put in a cage. That is right. That is fine. He must understand that to kill an empress is not a proper thing. He must be prevented from doing similar wrong.

Well, again quiet for a certain time. But, lo, a president is killed. A president! Oh, oh that is too bad. There may be some excuse for killing emperors and kings, but to kill a president in a free country, the choice of the people. Oh, that is very foolish. What of this murderer? Why, he must be killed twice. A special law must be enacted. This thing must be suppressed. But what is the matter?

It is evident that society is sick; it is suffering from a very severe wound, and the killing now and then of an emperor and a king cannot cure it. But it is well to understand, we must realize that the revolver which killed President McKinley was the same revolver which killed the Russian Emperor, the King of Italy and the Empress of Austria, and that this revolver was the revolver of poverty, of misery, of despair.

How cure such sickness? There is need of radical treatment. The money, millions and millions, and more millions, which is spent in taking life in different wars, must be applied to the curing of society. We must make war against war, seek to save life and not to destroy it. And it must be understood that in this war men must work together with women. I know that the women are working now in all sorts of charities, beautiful charities, too; but they work chiefly as helpers to man, as serfs. They have no right as women in the ordering of society. They must work by the side of their husbands and brothers. We must look to them for the control of the money and the direction of society.

Now, they can do those things which men do not know how to—works of mercy and helpfulness. Upon this we men cannot improve. But in the administration of business, the voting of money for war and destruction, we say the women are not capable to act or to judge. Why not? Why not possible? I ask why is it that if woman can be queen, direct great forces and dictate to great men, she cannot be secretary of the state or secretary of the interior? How is it that woman can be empress, where she can dispose of the highest positions, but cannot occupy any one of these positions?

We say "nonsense." What would you say of the proprietor of a great establishment who will not allow some of the best and ablest workmen in his employ because they are too blonde; they are very good workmen, but their hair is too fair and long? This is exactly the case with the women. We all know that some of them are very able, very clever, that they can discharge many honors better than some men, but they must not be trusted because they are women. That is all. That is all.

I think it is not reasonable to deprive ourselves of this high help thus. In my own country the gentlemen are not trained as I said for these activities of peace. They are all trained for the arts of war. We are spoiled by the use of too much power. Women are more gentle than men; their characters are more tender. They can make many things which we cannot. They find ways to alleviate poverty, misery, despair, that load the revolver used in violence for the destruction of good things and high men and women. For my part, I look with hope and delight to the time when women will be admitted to all business and social life, when they will have the right to help control the money that now often controls the bitter wars. I am sure that if we men who now create the laws of every sort were to ask for the hundreds of millions of dollars for some fresh war, the women in their right would say: "No, we have seen too much misery, too much poverty; we will not give money to this bad business. This money must be spent at home. It is needed in some good business." That will be a great time when such action on the part of the women will make one war less. Then millions and millions of money will be spent in works where now only a few thousands are spent, and we will soon see great results. The sickness of nations will be cured. The great wound of society will be healed.

I do not say that man will then be happy, but he will be more comfortable, and that is saying much. Then and only then I feel will the revolver of poverty, misery and despair finish its ugly work, and that ugly work is war.

Ladies and gentlemen, I feel very much that this business of war will not be finished until we have the help of all good people, the very great help of good women.

Evil Effect of Athletics on Literature.

In taking stock of modern literary properties—so to speak—one of the discouraging facts discovered is the almost total disappearance of the literary college and of the literary interests in the colleges now existing. The college, like nearly everything else, has come under the control of business interests and if is today largely materialized and commercialized. The one thing that seems to be able to unify and characterize the modern college is athletics. That which was admitted originally as a necessary adjunct to study is now usurping the place of intellectual purpose.

Notice the conversation of college men at table, in the clubs, on the campus—observe what is written in the college journals and reported in the public press; there is just one all-absorbing topic—the condition of this athletic hero or of that athletic team, the promise of the next footfall game, the incidents of the last one. Mass meetings of students are called for just one object—to encourage the team to victory and, after the game, to celebrate the event.

In my days at college the athletic field was unimportant and the interest of students centered in the classroom and the literary societies. The literary society especially was the free intellectual arena of the college. It was here that many men now prominent in

public life received their training. It was here that aspirations were formed and ideals shaped which started many of the strongest men I know on the road to success. I have intimate knowledge of one such college in Iowa, and from its literary societies came such public men as Congressman "Bob" Cousins and Secretary Shaw.

It is hardly possible that literature will ever flourish in the department of physical culture, and slowly and surely the athletic enthusiasm is destroying the higher cultural interests of college men and women. Within the next ten years one of two things will happen: The college will become frankly a school for business and athletic training, or, recognizing its danger, the college will prohibit the playing of games in public.

I have put "business" and "athletics" together advisedly. The control of the college by business—the introduction, that is, into the college, of business ideals—is the main cause of the domination of athletics over the college curriculum. The athletic field is the nearest approach the college furnishes to the business arena. The brute strength, the rivalry, the strategy, the "offense" and "defense," the lust for success, the vainglory, the luck and spirit of gambling and all the other features of the football field—these are the counterparts in the college of the methods of modern competitive commerce. For commerce, with those who succeed, is carried on as a game, with delight in the exercise.

No one will deny that from the football field will come millionaires, trust magnates, railroad officials, business managers and "bosses" of all sorts—all of them, of course, needed, all of them justified—but no one will dare to affirm that from the college which materializes its ideals to the plane of business will come those impulses and inspirations which create great literature. In looking for the creative centers of literary promise we may practically ignore the college altogether.

The college is, of course, serving another function and is fully justified in its results. I am only asserting, and to a degree lamenting, that the college has ceased to be a source of creative literature.

The consequence of the withdrawal of literature from the college is that our writers are mainly untrained, frequently illogical, without much sense for construction, and lacking the traditional or historic sense. This literature is, however, original, forceful, vital and very near to life—which, by the way, is never very logical or well trained.

Perhaps the time has come for a specialized college of literature (with a gymnasium adjunct) where literature might be treated both as a theory and a practice.—*Oscar L. Triggs in the Chicago Examiner.*

Hereafter.

Shall we not weary in the windless days
Hereafter, for the murmur of the sea,
The cool salt air across some grassy lea?
Shall we not go bewildered through a maze
Of stately streets with glittering gems ablaze,
Forlorn amid the pearl and ivory,
Straining our eyes beyond the bourne to see
Phantoms from out Life's dear, forsaken ways?

Give us again the crazy clay-built nest,
Summer, and soft unseasonable spring,
Our flowers to pluck, our broken songs to sing,
Our fairy gold of evening in the West;
Still to the land we love our longings cling,
The sweet, vain world of turmoil and unrest.

—*Rosamund Marriott Watson.*

I willed and sense was given me, I prayed and the spirit of wisdom came upon me. —*John Ruskin.*

THE PULPIT.

"Let Us Have Faith that Right Makes Might."

ANNUAL CONFIRMATION CLASS SERMON.

DELIVERED BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, SUNDAY, APRIL 17, 1904.

"Let us have faith that right makes might."

—From the Cooper Institute Speech of Abraham Lincoln.

Members of the Confirmation Class of 1904: I shall try to show that the text you have offered me for my sermon is found in a very great speech, that it was spoken by a very great man and that it contains a very great truth.

I cannot hope to give you an adequate conception of how intensely men, women and children in the United States were interested in the political issues of the day in the winter of 1859-60. The interest centered in the question of slavery. John Brown had been hung at Harper's Ferry late in the preceding autumn. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had been a classic in the homes of the North and a terror in the homes of the South for seven years. Elijah Lovejoy had been martyred at Alton for publishing an abolitionist paper; his press thrown into the Mississippi river and his building burned, twenty-two years before. At a meeting in Boston, called to protest against this martyrdom, Wendell Phillips, a brilliant, petted young lawyer, had made his maiden speech, and William Ellery Channing, the saintly preacher of Boston, had for the first time taken his stand to be counted for liberty. Under this inspiration James Russell Lowell had written his "Present Crisis," in which he said:

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side."

Theodore Parker had defied the Fugitive Slave Law and had helped to conceal and otherwise protect fugitive slaves from their owners who pursued them. In the South there was well-grounded fear, anxiety, indignation; for this intense feeling at the north against slavery not only menaced the commercial prosperity and threatened to rob them of their property, but, what was harder to bear, impugned the honest motives of well-meaning men and women and charged those with brutal propensities and inhuman conduct who were really, very many of them, sensitive, honest, religious citizens, who had inherited from the past an evil institution which they did not create and from the entanglements of which they could not, as they thought, escape.

Under this intensity of feeling, this sense of wrong and insincerity, the people of the south turned to the Democratic party for protection and vindication on the theory that democracy afforded the largest amount of personal liberty, the least governmental interference. They asked to be "let alone." In the north a new party, which called itself "republican," undertook to organize the growing sense of justice and legalize the safeguards of freedom. This party said in effect: "This evil must not grow; no new territory must be granted." And so back of the great moral question, "Is it right to own slaves?" lay the political question, "Is it right to interfere with those who do own slaves?" "Is it a national duty to circumscribe its boundaries and prevent its extension?" Hence the terms "The Missouri Compromise," "Squatter sovereignty," "Mason and Dixon's Line," "States' Rights," "Secession," were the familiar words to be seen on the front page of every newspaper, to be heard wherever men and women met to talk and discussed on the platform and in the pulpit.

In the autumn of 1858 Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln, two popular lawyers in the state of Illinois, had met in a series of debates to discuss these great questions. Both of these men aspired to a seat in the United States Senate. But what began as a

battle between candidates promptly outgrew such limitation and became a great discussion of principles, the greatest public debate of a great moral question the world has ever known on a political platform.

One of these men was eastern born and college bred, already successful, wealthy, fashionable, a gifted judge, widely known. The other was a child of the back woods; his tongue knew no speech but English, and that spoken with quaint accent. He was an awkward, unschooled child of the west. "Backwoodsman," "raftsman," "rail-splitter," were the familiar words used concerning him—spoken now in derision and now in loving admiration. The Illinois farmers who took off their hats and bowed respectfully to "Judge" Douglas slapped his opponent on the shoulder as they greeted "Abe" Lincoln, whom they had already learned to love and to call "Honest Abe." But he also had a reputation on the circuit; he was a power in Illinois. He had served one term in Congress and his oldest boy was in Harvard College.

The fame of the great debate traveled eastward and some young men in Henry Ward Beecher's church in Brooklyn ventured to invite the curious westerner, the Illinois rail-splitter, to deliver a lecture before them. It was a challenge that flattered and frightened the self-distrusting lawyer of the Illinois prairie. But on condition that he might speak on a political subject he accepted, and the date was fixed for the 27th day of February, 1860. Some months were to intervene between the acceptance and the deliverance, and the untried giant, like a mighty Samson, bent himself to the task.

He exhausted all the resources of the libraries within his reach; he knocked the dust from old pamphlets, studied original documents and turned his face eastward in fear and trembling. On his arrival in New York he was still further alarmed when he found that the arrangements had been transferred from Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, to the hall of the Cooper Union in New York, to better accommodate the throng that was to meet him there. He arrived two days ahead of time; entertainment was offered him at the home of an eminent statesman, but he declined: he must work on his lecture, which he feared would be a disappointment and a failure. He was anxious lest the young men who had assumed the risk might lose money on the venture.

At last the terrible hour arrived and he found himself confronted by an audience that filled the great hall to over-flowing—such an audience of cultured men and women as had not been convened in New York City, the papers said, since the days of Clay and Webster. William Cullen Bryant, the venerable poet and editor, presided, and men whose names were national household words, sat on the platform. Much has been said by the biographers of the awkward figure of the speaker, and of his ill-fitting and wrinkled garments. Some of the young men on the committee confessed that they felt dismayed when they first saw the lecturer. They were ashamed of his rustic appearance; they wished they might avoid the humiliation of appearing with him on the platform in the presence of such a polite and fashionable audience. He himself confessed to his old law partner and subsequent biographer, "Billy" Herndon, that for once he was greatly abashed over his personal appearance. He knew that the new suit of clothes which he had bought in Chicago on his way east had become badly wrinkled in his valise; the collar of his coat would not stay down; and this consciousness of the difference between his clothes and the neatly fitting suits of the chairman and the other gentlemen on the platform disturbed him as he began to speak.

"It is a grateful office that I perform in introducing to you an eminent citizen of the west, hitherto known to you only by reputation,"

was Mr. Bryant's introduction. Next day, in his paper, the *Evening Post,* Mr. Bryant said:

"For the publication of such words of weight and wisdom as those of Mr. Lincoln, the pages of this journal are indefinitely elastic."

And Horace Greeley in the *New York Tribune* said:

"He is one of nature's orators. No man ever before made such an impression on his first appeal to a New York audience."

A Connecticut minister was reported by the *New York Tribune* as saying to Mr. Lincoln next day:

"Your speech was the most remarkable I ever heard. * * * Your illustrations were romance and pathos, fun and logic, all welded together."

Says another, as quoted in Noah Brooks' Life:

"When Lincoln rose to speak I was greatly disappointed. He was tall, tall—oh, how tall, and so angular and awkward that I had, for an instant, a feeling of pity for so ungainly a man. His clothes were black and ill-fitting, badly wrinkled—as if they had been jammed carelessly into a small trunk. His bushy head, with the stiff black hair thrown back, was balanced on a long and lean head-stalk, and when he raised his hands in an opening gesture, I noticed that they were very large. He began in a low tone of voice—as if he were used to speaking out-doors, and was afraid of speaking too loud. I said to myself: 'Old fellow, you won't do; it's all very well for the wild west, but this will go down in New York.' But pretty soon he began to get into his subject; he straightened up, made regular and graceful gestures; his face lighted as with an inward fire; the whole man was transfigured. I forgot his clothes, his personal appearance, and his individual peculiarities. Presently, forgetting myself, I was on my feet with the rest, yelling like a wild Indian, cheering this wonderful man. In the close parts of his argument, you could hear the gentle sizzling of the gas-burners. When he reached a climax, the thunders of applause were terrific. It was a great speech. When I came out of the hall, my face aglow with excitement and my frame all a-quiver, a friend, with his eyes aglow, asked me what I thought of Abe Lincoln, the rail splitter. I said: 'He's the greatest man since St. Paul.' And I think so yet."

Said Henry M. Field, one of New York's great citizens, whom the nation honored:

"What manner of man is this lawyer from the west who has set forth these truths as we have never had them before?"

Forty years after, Hon. Joseph H. Choate, then Ambassador to Great Britain, described his impressions of the occasion to a great audience in Edinburgh. He said:

"The impression left on my mind is ineffaceable. * * * He appeared in every sense of the word like one of the plain people among whom he loved to be counted. At first sight there was nothing impressive or imposing about him, except that his great stature singled him out from the crowd; his clothes hung awkwardly on his giant frame, his face was of a dark pallor, without the slightest tinge of color; his seamed and rugged features bore the furrows of hardship and struggle; his deep-set eyes looked sad and anxious; his countenance in repose gave little evidence of that brain-power which had raised him from the lowest to the highest station among his countrymen. As he talked to me before the meeting he seemed ill at ease, with that sort of apprehension which a young man might feel before presenting himself to a new and strange audience whose critical disposition he dreaded. * * *

"He was equal to the occasion. When he spoke he was transformed; his eye kindled, his voice rang, his face shone and seemed to light up the whole assembly. For an hour and a half he held his audience in the hollow of his hand. His style of speech and manner of delivery were severely simple. What Lowell called 'the grand simplicities of the Bible,' with which he was so familiar, were reflected in his discourse. With no attempt at ornament or rhetoric, without parade or pretence, he spoke straight to the point. * * * It was marvelous to see how this untutored man, by mere self-discipline and the chastening of his own spirit, had outgrown all meretricious arts and found his way to the grandeur and strength of absolute simplicity."

Lincoln did not underestimate his audience, and he appreciated the significance of his theme. Next morn-

ing the lecture was printed in full in four of the New York dailies, and in due time thousands and tens of thousands of copies were distributed in pamphlet form, the committee editing it stating in their preface that it had taken weeks to verify some of the statements which had seemed to fall so easily from his inspired lips. But the investigation justified the power in the sentence.

He had spoken carefully and had told the truth. He had studied the relation of slavery to the history of the United States from the beginning to that time and had forecast its future. He had made what probably will stand as the greatest speech of his life; he had brought history, fact, logic, poetry, conscience, all to the mighty climax in which you found your text embedded:

"Let us not be slandered from our duty by false accusations against us, nor frightened from it by menaces of destruction to the government, nor of dungeons to ourselves. Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end do our duty as we understand it."

I think I have said enough to prove my first point,—that your text is found in a very great speech,—judged by the painstaking labor, the careful research and scholarly use of historic material, undoubtedly the greatest speech Lincoln ever made; judged by its results also, it must probably be ranked as his greatest speech. It changed Abraham Lincoln of the west to Abraham Lincoln of the nation; it made him President. As one of his biographers said: "It came near being an inaugural address."

I need take no time to establish my second point,—that your text was spoken by a very great man. Every year adds to the already extensive Lincoln literature; every year adds to his world-wide fame, pushing his name into the dark corners of the world. "Abraham Lincoln" is a household word in the cabin and in the palace. Italy, Russia, and the far-off islands of the seas love him; peasants sing his praises; philosophers quote his words and patriots grow more noble by thinking of him.

Without further delay, then, let us consider my third proposition. The text contains a very great truth,—"Let us have faith that right makes might." Right is might, because right is of God and not of man. The perpendicular column stands because the laws of gravitation hold it to its place. Tilt your column and it falls because nature lets go of it; or rather, nature pulls it down. The properly constructed arch holds the tower up; the greater the weight the more secure it stands, because the arch is made according to the principles of mathematics. It is as firm as the multiplication table. Introduce a false element into the arch, let the circle deviate from rightness, and the arch falls by its own weight. You have tried to crush an egg between your hands. When you bring the pressure to bear at the ends, you will fail; turn it the other way and press on the sides, and "brittle as an egg shell" is verified in your hands. So powerful is right because it is a part of the construction of the universe. It is ordained by the same power that has fixed the laws of nature. The laws of right are as fixed, sure and inevitable as the laws which boil water at a high temperature and freeze it at a low temperature; as the laws which make water run down hill and steam rise in the air.

Right makes might. History is simply a verification of it. What has become of the great powers, the mighty cities, the dreaded conquerors that you read of in your books? Where are Nineveh and Babylon? Where are Alexandria and the crowding cities that once made the shores of the Mediterranean more populous and more commercial than the shores of Lake Michigan? They were mighty; they were populous; they were rich; they were terrible. Xerxes, Alexander, the haughty Pharaohs, and the bloody Caesars,—they had all the strengths but one necessary to perpetuity, to fame, and the glory that fades not, and that was the strength of the right. The names of those far-off merchants, presidents and mayors, the bankers and manufacturers, are lost, and their work is forgotten, save a few antiquities, broken relics, scattered fragments that are left us to tell us how the mighty have fallen. They had not the right of might.

Over against the names that are remembered only in pity and in disgrace, put the name of a far-off prince who renounced the glory of a court, became a beggar for truth's sake, and which now suggests the devotions and gratitudes, the aspirations and the ideals of five hundred and more millions of men, the name of Buddha, the pitiful, who taught men to be kind, merciful and forgiving.

Over against the name of Alexander, who made the name of Macedonia terrible, write the name of Socrates, who walked barefooted in the snow as a private soldier in the Grecian army. His father was a stone-cutter, his mother was a nurse. He spent his time in talking with the youths in the market place; he was put to death because of his impiety. But his impiety represented his love for truth, his devotion to right, and after twenty-four centuries, his name is the greatest name in Greece. His was the might of the right.

The Bible of Christendom, the most sacred of books, the text book of the higher life, contains in the main the words of humble men,—shepherds, vine-dressers, scholars and fishermen, but they spoke the truth and their words survive pyramids and overlay dynasties. Jeremiah in exile, Paul in prison, Jesus on the cross,—these represent the mighty ones of history, and their might lay in the right, which they championed.

But we need no better illustration of my third point than that offered in the first and second parts of my sermon. I have said that our text is taken from a very great speech; why was it great? To those who went expecting to be swayed by some quaint oratory called western, those who went expecting to be amused by the humor of the "sad man of the Sangamon" or to be aroused by brilliant rhetoric or impassioned zeal, were mistaken. They found instead, close reasoning, careful analysis of history, kind words for his enemies, earnest, sober appeal to his friends. The Cooper Union lecture was great because it was unanswerable; it was true, and consequently it was powerful; it was an appeal to the right, and consequently it was mighty.

As with the address, so with the man. At that time nobody feared Abraham Lincoln. The friends of his opponent were almost ashamed to ask the accomplished Judge Douglas, the courteous college graduate, the wealthy land-owner, who went about in his private car, to stoop to answer this rustic without polish and without position; a rail-splitter, a county surveyor, a country postmaster, and, as his largest, only a country lawyer. But because Abraham Lincoln saw the right and dared stand for it, because he declared the truth and stood up to be counted for it, he grew the mighty, and there is but one name in the honor roll of the United States to dispute with him the glory of being the "foremost American." We will not make rivals of Washington and Lincoln. We will rejoice rather that both of them have the might that belongs to the right. They share the affections of school children and philosophers, black and white, rich and poor alike, because they stood for the right.

But we need not appeal either to history or to biography. Happily the stories of Lincoln, Washington, Socrates, Buddha, Paul, Jeremiah and Jesus are so familiar to us all that we cannot help thinking of them when we think of our text, "Right makes might."

But if we had never heard of any of these, there is that within us which testifies to the beautiful truth that right makes might. The little child that respects the wish, follows the teaching, obeys the behest of those whom God and man have placed over him—teacher, father and mother—the child that has kept faith with his parents and with his conscience, who has said "no" when a "yes" seemed to be so much easier and so much pleasanter, is the child that is not ashamed to look you in the eye; who is not afraid to meet father or mother, and who is not alarmed when summoned into the presence of teacher or friend. The honest man is not afraid of the policeman. The true workman has no occasion to evade the boss. Right alone gives the might that is lasting; the might that brings the pleasure that lasts and the peace that abides.

Emerson closes his searching essay on "Courage," which every boy and girl should read early in life, and re-read on every occasion of temptation, at every crisis where cowardice beckons, with a poem-story, the "Ballad of George Nidiver," the California hunter who, with his Indian boy companion, found himself confronted in a mountain gorge by two grizzly bears which

> "Rushed at them unawares
> Right down the narrow delt."

The hunter with his one ball saved the fleeing boy from the bear that pursued him, then, unarmed, turned to meet face to face the other beast:

> "I say unarmed he stood.
> Against those frightful paws
> The rifle butt, or club of wood,
> Could stand no more than straws.
>
> "George Nidiver stood still
> And looked him in the face;
> The wild beast stopped amazed,
> Then came with slackening pace.
>
> "Still firm the hunter stood,
> Although his heart beat high;
> Again the creature stopped,
> And gazed with wondering eye.
>
> "The hunter met his gaze,
> Nor yet an inch gave way;
> The bear turned slowly round
> And slowly moved away.
>
> "What thoughts were in his mind
> It would be hard to spell;
> What thoughts were in George Nidiver
> I rather guess than tell.
>
> "Be sure that rifle's aim,
> Swift choice of generous part,
> Showed in its passing gleam
> The depths of a brave heart."

This indicates the might that goes with the right—the right that seeks the safety of others rather than its own; the right that puts the pleasure of others above your own fun; that finds companionship on the road of self-denial, and comfort in service.

Robert Browning tells the story of the "Threatening Tyrant," who used all his ingenuity to insult, degrade, frighten and crush a subject. But the man

> "Stood erect, caught at God's skirts, and prayed,"

and lo! it was the tyrant who was afraid; he with all his armies and his might trembled, while the helpless, friendless, unarmed victim "stood erect in the strength of God." What had he to fear? "Strike, if you will, but hear," said Themistocles to Erybrades. This is always the conquering word of the man who stands in the right.

O, my young friends, are we not too anxious for company, too solicitous for good society, too anxious lest we may be counted out from something that is going on, deprived of the companionship of the nice ones, the popular ones, in too great a hurry to force ourselves off in sects, parties, clubs, cliques, and coteries, fraternities and sororities, that we may have more good times? Let us think more often of the saying of Frederick Douglass, the black man and the chattel, "One with God is in the majority"! Think of the time that came to that black man when, honored on two continents, respected by the noble, a leader of the excellent, and in the interest of excellence, he went to see his bed-ridden, pitiable, degenerate old master who, in his humiliation and his shame, begged the privilege of shaking hands with his former slave, knowing that it was a condescension, knowing that the black slave towered above his white master in all that goes to make the might that is desirable and permanent.

My young friends, we have communed together over high things and are not afraid of sacred words. Our text deserves the help of the noblest words that human speech can utter. Right makes might because right is another name for God, and to have faith in the right is to have faith in things eternal,—as I have already said, faith in the power that holds the worlds together; the power that makes mathematics exact and the multiplication table permanent; the power that makes love forever lovely and hate forever hateful. That is most right that is most God-like; that is most just that gives the widest justice to all. He is most powerful who is in sympathy with and has companionship for the widest range of life.

On the Sunday following the lecture at the Cooper Union, while all the country was pondering on the words of wisdom there spoken, a stranger appeared at the Mission Sunday-school at Five Points, then the slum center of New York, the home of the miserable and degraded. He seemed so much interested, his face beamed with so much kindliness, that the superintendent approached and asked him if he would like to say something to the poor little boys and girls gathered there, the ragged urchins of the alleys. The strange, curious man accepted, and even the gamins soon stopped laughing. They were charmed by his voice, touched by his tenderness, and when he was about to stop, apologizing for the intrusion, the little ragged children cried, "Go on! Go on! Please go on!" And when at last the stranger stopped there was a silence; an awed silence throughout the crowded room. Said the superintendent as the stranger passed out, "Please sir, may I know your name?" "I am Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois," was the reply.

The tender heart and the true conscience that on Friday night thrilled poets and statesmen, charmed cultured ladies and gentlemen, on Sunday morning held spell-bound the boys and girls of the slums, the children of the miserable.

In the dark days of the horrible war, when asked by the superintendent of the Christian Commission to preside at a meeting to be held in Washington, he declined for what he called "sufficient reason," but he wrote:

> "Whatever shall tend to turn our thoughts from the unreasoning and uncharitable passions, prejudices and jealousies incident to a great national trouble such as ours, and to fix them on the vast and long-enduring consequences, for weal or for woe, which are to result from the struggle, and especially to strengthen our reliance on the Supreme Being for the final triumph of the right, can not but be well for us all."

In one of his messages to Congress he said:

> "We cannot escape history; no personal significance or insignificance can spare one or another of us. The very trial through which we pass will hold us down, in honor or dishonor, to the latest generation. * * * We shall nobly save or meanly lose the best hope of earth. * * * The way is plain, peaceful, generous, just, a way which, if followed, the world will forever applaud and God must forever bless."

It was a dark and chilly day in February when he left his Springfield home for the last time, as he was

about to take up the work of a President. From the platform of the rear car he spoke to his old friends and neighbors. He then revealed his devotion and his religious spirit. He spoke of "the task, more difficult than that which devolved on Washington," and his belief that the Almighty arm that protected Washington would support him, and he should succeed. He said:

"Let us pray that the God of our fathers may not forsake us. To him I commend you all. With equal sincerity and faith, I ask you to invoke his wisdom and goodness for me."

It is this faith in God, which is faith in goodness and faith in right that enabled him to "put his foot down firm," and which made him such a worthy model, such an inspiring leader.

Your motto is as applicable to school children as to senators; it is as true in the nursery as it is in congress; it applies to the playground and the class room as it does to the church and the university.

You and I, my children, have found much pleasure in the legends of the monks and in the medieval lore of the church. Let the fancy of some pious monk of the long ago help us to apply the high maxim of the martyred President.

A rustic, hoping to encourage the activities of his bees, placed a bit of communion bread—the body of the Christ, as he thought—in the hive, whereupon the little bees did homage to the sacred presence and proceeded with curious art to build a little waxen church to shelter the sacred crumb. They reared its columns and shaped its altar into wondrous beauty. But when the sordid rustic came, hoping to gather his added stock of honey, the bees set upon him and he was glad to escape with his life. But when a holy priest approached, the little bees rose out of the hive and soared above him, making sweet and curious melody; and the priest took the noble structure, the little church of the bees, and placed it upon the high altar of the cathedral, and all the communicants in the country around, when they looked upon it, grew more diligent in their service, more simple in their faith, stronger in the trust that right makes might.

We may at least simulate the little bee, and, weak and small though we may be, who knows how beautiful the altar we may rear over this sacred crumb, the communion bread, representing the blood and body of one of earth's martyrs, one of history's saviors and God's children.

This is the second time that a confirmation class has found its text in the words of the man whose name is to be associated with the rising walls across the way. If you little ones will grow up in the might of the right, the completed walls of the Abraham Lincoln Centre will be to you a holy opportunity by means of which your lives will become blessed to those unborn, and your children's children will rejoice in the inheritance of the class which took for its motto the inspiring words of the saddest, tenderest, bravest man in American history,

"Let us have faith that right makes might,"

and who in that faith went forth to live, to serve—not the few, but the many; to rejoice—not in the pride of aristocracy, but in the humility of democracy; not in the service of self, but in the service of others.

Mrs. Colquhoun, author of "Two on Their Travels," published by A. S. Barnes & Co., which contains a brilliant account of travels in Japan and a visit to Vladivostock and a journey over the Trans-Siberian railroad, is the wife of Archibald Colquhoun, the traveler and author of "The Mastery of the South Pacific."

THE STUDY TABLE.

Notes.

From Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, I have two books. The first of these, "Heart of Lynn," by Mary Stewart Cutting, is a very pleasant novel; said by some to resemble Miss Alcott's "Little Women." I am not particularly impressed with the book. But "The Issue," by George Morgan, I have read with intense interest. Its descriptive power is unusually fine. Of course there is a love story or half a dozen of them running through; and they have the peculiar feature of novelty. Most of the love stories in recent novels are only faintly original. I do not find but one or two pages in the book which drop into ineffectiveness. The story begins with the rise of the slavery issue, and carries it, by a succession of scenes, through the Civil War. I have been particularly interested in the power which Mr. Morgan shows in the way of revivifying history. His pictures are really true to the events which measure the life of a man of seventy. How many of us can go back to 1830, and follow the slavery struggle to the end; and at the same time measure the rise, progress, and decline of steam power—at least as the controlling power of civilization? Some of the characters in Mr. Morgan's book are remarkably well drawn; and those which are historical, really will aid rather than distort history for students.

I called attention to a recent number of *The Independent*, as containing a discussion of The Yellow Peril. The same number, April 14th, gave a remarkable article on "Municipal Reform in Chicago and in New York" and another on "The Small Family, as an American Ideal." I should like to see the latter article in the hands of a very large circle of readers. If it be a fact that the American ideal is a childless one—or nearly such—it is time for us to find it out, and comprehend the consequences. Mr. Roosevelt may have started a discussion more vital than we thought when he spoke of race suicide. A woman without a family is a woman out of harmony with nature.

Are you aware that the great problems of the twentieth century bid fair to be school problems? We are just beginning to find out that while education makes a people, it must be a good education to make a strong and vital people. Our own system has been a fetish to be worshiped. Our educators are just waking up to the fact that education is still in the primitive stages. We shall some of us live to see the effort to make gentlemen give way to an effort to make citizens; the effort to create professionals give way to the effort to make bread-winners. Industrialism is invading our school system, and is even taking possession of our universities. The chief trouble now is to get it into our primary and secondary schools. Two or three of the States are preparing their Normal school pupils on a new plan. These candidates for teachers certificates are compelled to study a part of the time out of doors, with note book and pencil, as well as spading fork and hoe. They are thus enabled to go to our schools and interest the children in animal and plant life, in gardening and in orcharding, as well as general farming. The next step, and that is already inaugurated, is to place our school buildings in the middle of large acres and give the children book study indoors in the morning and out of doors in the afternoon; bringing them into direct contact with nature to apply what they learn in he morning. Those who wish to follow this evolution of industrialism in education, will do well to take the School Journal, published in New York and Chicago.

E. P. Powell.

UNITY

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY

3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago

Entered at Chicago, Ill., Postoffice as Second Class Matter.

$2.00 PER ANNUM.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

The Common Burden.

Is it the white man's burden
To rule the black and brown?
To raise himself to greatness
By keeping others down?
Is he the God-appointed
Sole ruler of the earth?
Have other men no rights at all
In lands that gave them birth?

There is one common burden
To men, white, black or brown,
To keep peace with their neighbors
And care for all their own:
There is one law of justice
Ordained by God on high;
Those who obey it prosper,
Those who defy it die.

God's holy law prevaileth
In every time and place;
In equal scales God weigheth
All men of every race.
To do the right exalteth,
To do the wrong brings down,
For as men sow they also reap,—
White men and black and brown.

India is for the Hindus
And China for Chinese;
What right have Russ and Englishman
To lord it over these?
Millions of their own people
In hunger, rags and dirt,
Show how their wars of conquest
Degrade and rob and hurt.

The nation that enslaveth
Makes of itself a slave;
A hundred million sinners
Are punished like one knave.
The law of God is justice
And those alone are blest
Who seek no selfish profit
By injuring the rest.

Beware, lest in the Philippines
We tarry all too long:
Two hundred years to Africans
We did a grievous wrong.
And then the great atonement came
In treasure, blood and pain,
And after such dread chastisement
How dare we sin again?

CHARLES WILLIAM PEARSON.

Quincy, Ill., February 22, 1904.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO.—Now that the building weather is fairly on, the Abraham Lincoln Center grows apace. The walls are up in the fourth story; most of the material necessary to complete the building is already out in the shops and it is now a question of assembling the same in the construction. The contractors are confident that the building will be ready for occupancy in the fall, perhaps for dedication in the first week of November, the twenty-second anniversary of the church. It is a significant hint of the civic intentions and opportunities of this center to remember that Hoyt King, whose article on "The Chicago Policeman and the Underworld" in *The World Today*, which is receiving so much attention, George E. Cole, president of the Legislative League and the first secretary of the Municipal Voters' League, and William Kent, whose address before the Yale Citizens' Club gave our readers so much satisfaction, are all active and loyal supporters of All Souls Church.

Foreign Notes.

THE MISSION OF DHARMAPALA.—Last week we turned from the foreign field to point out a work to be done for the foreign element that we have ever with us in a great city like Chicago. Today let us note how much of the work America does for its various children is a direct inspiration and guide to less favored people in their efforts toward social and economic betterment.

No one who was so fortunate as to attend the Parliament of Religions in 1893 will ever forget the white-robed Dharmapala or cease to feel an interest in any work to which he may set his hand. The past winter he has been in America studying our best institutions for manual training, and writes as follows to the Buddhist magazine he conducts in far-away India:

"There are two countries on the earth that look to the interests of children—Japan and the United States. There is one country on this earth that neglects her children—India. 'Under a bad administration education is neglected,' says an old Buddhist text. The child's inheritance is education in science and arts. What is the child to do when it is young? Compulsory education is the only way to get the child into a better life.

"One hundred and seventy-one millions of agriculturists are in India, and yet there is nothing done to improve agricultural implements, to introduce scientific methods of fertilizing the soil, to increase crops. In the time of Akbar, says Sir W. W. Hunter, in his 'India of the Queen,' wheat land in N. W. P. yielded 1,140 pounds which now gives 840 pounds (p. 157). In every important rural town in India there should be an agricultural model farm to train and show the ryots the improved methods of agriculture. In Canada agricultural traveling schools are established, and the farmers are taught in their own villages. The Agricultural Department spends annually several million dollars on their kind of agricultural education. In the United States over fifty model farms have been established, besides the great agricultural colleges in various parts of the states. Agricultural traveling teachers with modern hand ploughs, pumps, wind-mills and with a portable chemical laboratory, well equipped with all the apparatus, should visit the great centers of agricultural districts, teaching them by practicecal methods to improve the soil. An improvised tent with dark blinds may be used to let the people in when lecturing with a stereopticon. Lantern slides exhibiting various kinds of cattle, ploughs, etc., may be used. Pictures of the different races that live on agriculture may be exhibited. A graphophone could be made to do very useful work in the rural towns. Pictures of Japan, showing how people are employed in various industrial arts, may be shown. Education is the only solution for the welfare of the agricultural millions. In America the school system is so beautifully arranged that children love to attend school on account of the many beautiful things that they can see therein. A small museum is to be seen in every grammar school; there is, besides, a gymnasium, a play-ground, a small farm, wherein each child gets a few feet of ground to plant the seeds that he gets from the teacher. There are trade schools for boys and girls of poor parents, wherein the children are taught how to earn a living before they are sixteen years old. Hundreds of philanthropists, both men and women, are engaged in educating the children. No child is neglected. Immigrants from England, Ireland, France, Denmark, Germany, Hungaria, Bohemia, Sweden, Italy, etc., come by hundreds every week to New York. Persecuted Jews from Russia, when they arrive in the free soil of this democratic country, find a magnificently equipped free school, with books and stationery free, to which they can send their children. . . .

"What the impoverished, starving people in India want is non-agricultural industries, and dissemination of practical agricultural knowledge to increase the produce of the existing area, reservation of pasture land in every village for the cows, reservation and planting of forests in every district for firewood, so as to save cow dung manure for fertilizing the soil.

"The average annual loss of cattle in non-famine times by disease is equal to about ten millions, worth in gold about seven millions. This is the annual loss. There should be, therefore, veterinary schools established in the rural towns.

"In seven years a change may be seen if a practical system

of elementary education be adopted in the Gangetic valley. What has been done by that educational reformer for the negroes of America—Booker T. Washington—in twenty years is the best evidence of the possibilities of development. . . . Take the children of the Sudra class. Train them in arts and modern sciences as Booker Washington is doing in his Tuskegee Institute for the children of negro slaves, and in seven years a change will be seen. . . . Out of the millions of people in India, do we find one man with the unselfish heroism and patient energy and persevering patriotism of Booker Washington? If there is one, India can be saved."

Elsewhere in the Maha-Bodhi magazine appears an appeal for this cause from which we quote:

"The Indo-American Educational Propaganda aims to transplant American industrial ideas and methods by introducing American agricultural implements and also by starting industrial *non-sectarian* schools like the school of education in the University of Chicago, the Lewis Institute, the Armour Institute, the Tuskegee Industrial School of Booker T. Washington, in important towns in India, to teach both boys and girls various branches in arts and domestic science, viz., farming, dairying, gardening, weaving, carpentery, smithing, hygienic and sanitary house-building, drawing, cocking, pottery, painting, floriculture, caning, mat, broom and brush making, music, ethics and physical culture that will make life useful and active.

"The grand principles of American democracy have given a higher civilization, whose beneficent results are to be seen in the development of an intelligent consciousness in the American child.

"It is decided to start the first school under American auspices at Benares, the most ancient and populous city in India. To equip the school it is estimated a sum of $10,000 is necessary. We hope to raise the amount by issuing 10,000 cards of a dollar each, with the subscriptions of ten cents to each card. We solicit your support and your sympathy for the consumation of this most meritorious work.

"Donations by cheque, currency or money order may be sent to Mr. M. A. Sacksteder, Treasurer American Maha-Bodhi Society, 324 Dearborn Street, Chicago. All moneys are deposited in the First National Bank, Chicago."

This appeal bespeaks a well-grounded confidence that Americans are not indifferent to calls from beyond their own borders.

M. E. H.

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR:

In UNITY of March 17, I find the following:

"The committee appointed by the Methodist church to revise their hymnal report that within the last twenty-five years no new hymns worth incorporating have been written. The *Chicago Inter Ocean* thinks this is because it has not been an age of faith," etc.

The object of this letter is to suggest that the kind of hymns that have been sung for the last twenty-five years may have contributed largely towards making this a faithless age. For the hymns that have been most popular for the Sunday-school and prayer meeting are those which emphasize the weak points in Christian theology. Take for instance the following from one of our prayer-meeting hymns:

"What! lay my sins on Jesus,
God's dear beloved son?
No; 'tis a truth most precious
That God e'en that has done."

Well do I remember when the hymn containing the above first appeared, and the indignation felt by the present writer, who was at that time a Methodist. Such an evident injustice as that of laying my sins on Jesus was never "precious" to me, and probably I *felt* (rather than believed) that it was no truth at all; or, if it was, the less said about it the better.

Are there not other readers of UNITY who can testify that their own moral perceptions have had (or may have had) something to do in changing their theological views?

Many other hymns are little better.

Winsted, Conn. W. S. CLINGAN.

Books Received.

From the James H. West Company, Boston:

Living Largely, extracts from the writings of Charles Gordon Ames, 206 pages, 75 cents.

The Story of the Lopez Family, a page from the history of the war in the Philippines, edited and with an introduction by Canning Eyot, 217 pages, $1 net.

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Announcements.

Pulpit notices, lecture announcements in Chicago or elsewhere, "Wants" of churches or ministers, or "Personals" of interest to UNITY readers are invited for this column.

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